

The TATLER



JAN. 22. 1958

& BYSTANDER

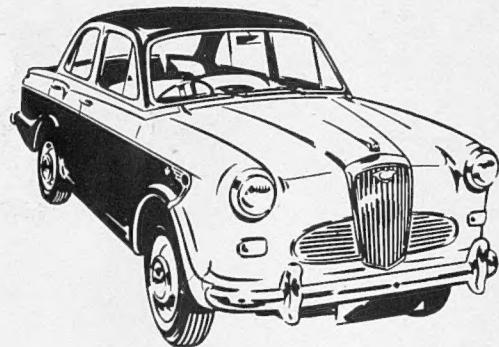


TWO SHILLINGS



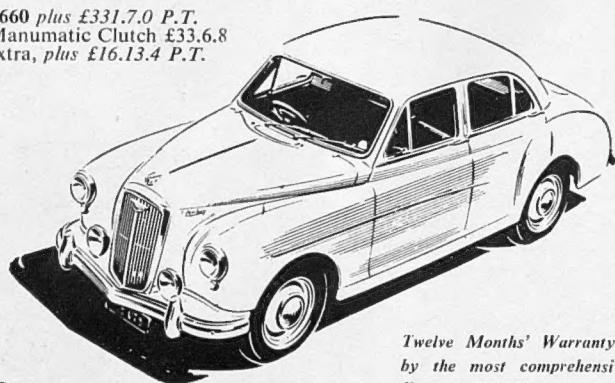
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MISS JENNIFER DAW, the subject of our cover picture this week, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warwick DAW, of Firhill, Whitchurch-on-Thames, Oxfordshire. She was presented in April last year, and shared a coming-out dance at the Hyde Park Hotel with Miss Judy Marshall. Since then she has stayed with a family in Paris to perfect her French. Miss DAW is a keen horsewoman and hunts with the South Berkshire; she enjoys painting as a hobby.

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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From January 22 to January 29

Jan. 22 (Wed.) International Hotel and Catering Exhibition (Hotelympia) (to 31) at Olympia.

Concert: B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall.

Jan. 23 (Thu.) First Night: *Lady At The Wheel*, Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

Black and White Ball at the Chelsea Town Hall, in aid of the Byam Shaw School Appeal.

Jan. 24 (Fri.) Concerts: London Philharmonic Orchestra at the Royal Albert Hall; London Symphony Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall.

Hunt Balls: The Heythrop Hunt Ball at Blenheim Palace; the Cowdray Hunt Ball at Cowdray House; the Quorn Hunt Ball at Quenby Hall, Leicestershire.

Steeplechasing at Lingfield Park.

Jan. 25 (Sat.) Steeplechasing at Lingfield Park, Catterick Bridge and Warwick.

Jan. 26 (Sun.) Concerts: London Philharmonic Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall; London Symphony Orchestra at

the Royal Albert Hall; Recital at the Royal Festival Hall by Shura Cherkassky.

Jan. 27 (Mon.) Concert: Hallé Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall.

The Knightsbridge St. George's Ball at the May Fair Hotel, in aid of Conservative Party funds.

Steeplechasing at Plumpton and Nottingham.

Jan. 28 (Tue.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother leaves London Airport at 8 a.m. for her round the world flight before Her Majesty's visit to Australia.

Australia Club Dinner at the Dorchester. T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester will be present.

Bach Concert at the Royal Festival Hall given by the Philharmonia Orchestra, soloist Rosalyn Tureck.

Steeplechasing at Nottingham.

Jan. 29 (Wed.) First Night: *The Iceman Cometh* at the Arts.

Steeplechasing at Kempton Park.



By Susan Small —

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with matching coat.

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from Martin & Savage
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TWO SHILLINGS
Volume CCXXVII. No. 2950

JANUARY 22

1958



A. V. Swaebe

A Master of Foxhounds at home

LT.-COL. G. A. MURRAY SMITH, J.P., D.L., has been Master of the Quorn since 1954. This famous hunt celebrated its 200th anniversary in 1953, but its records go back as far as 1698. Col. Murray Smith, who has hunted since he was three years old, attends numerous shows, judging horses, and his wife, a second

cousin of the Marquess of Bath, has had many successes in show jumping competitions. Formerly in the Blues, and now a member of the Leicestershire and Derbyshire Yeomanry, Col. Murray Smith is High Sheriff of Leicestershire. At his farm near Market Harborough he breeds horses and has a herd of Jersey cows



A. V. Swaebe



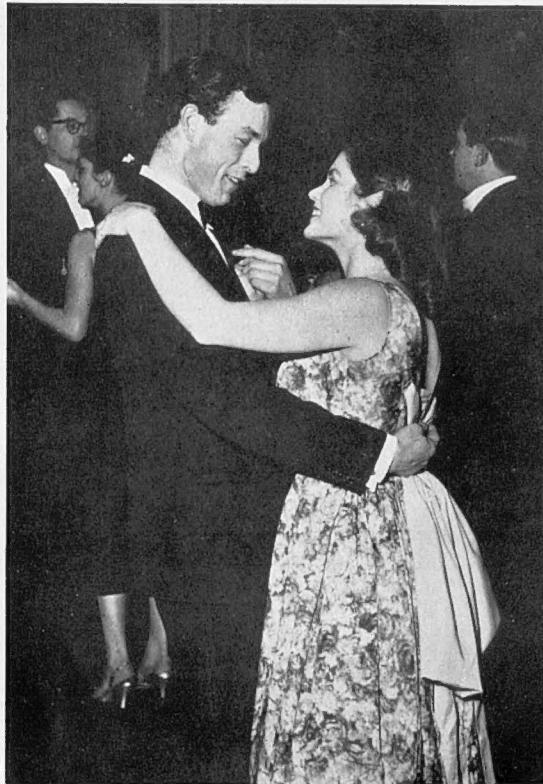
Lt.-Col. J. Hanbury, Mr. W. Picton-Warlow, Mrs. R. Collie



Mr. Julian de Lisle, Miss Karen Player, Mr. Mark Brocklehurst

THE BELVOIR HUNT BALL took place this year at Burley-on-the-Hill, Oakham, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. James Hanbury's beautiful house in Rutland. Col. Hanbury is one of the three joint-Masters of this famous hunt. Mrs. James Hanbury is seen (left) talking to Lord Belper, joint-Master of the Belvoir, the third being Col. H. Beddington

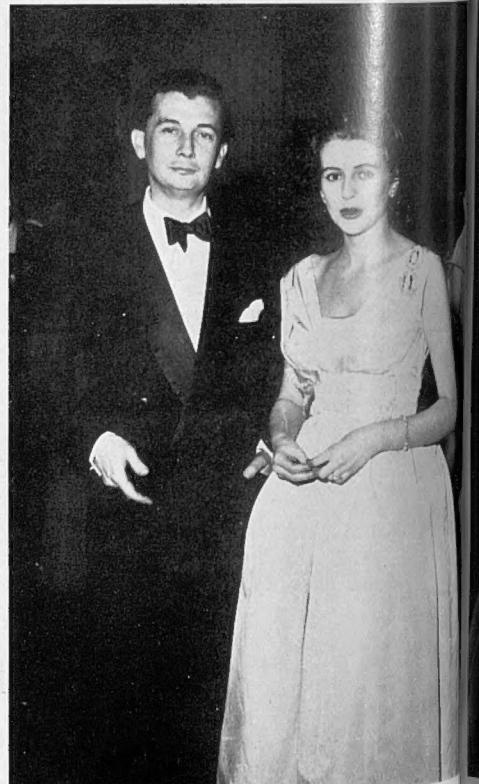
A FAMOUS HUNT HOLDS A BALL IN RUTLAND



Mr. Hugo Bevan dancing with Miss Jane Tilney



Miss Lavinia Napier with Mr. David Brooks



Lord and Lady John Manners were among the company



*The Hon. Peter and Mrs. Ward at the
hunt ball*



*Miss Fiona Myddleton, Major Anthony Greville-Bell,
Miss June Ducas, Lord Roger Manners*



*Baron William de Gelsey with Lady Anne
Tennant*



*The Hon. Mrs. John Partridge, Mr. John Partridge
and Mrs. Timothy Nicolson*



*Miss Richenda Gurney in conversation with
the Earl of Lanesborough*

A GUEST AT GSTAAD

LADY BRUNTISFIELD photographed on the steps of the Earl of Warwick's winter chalet at Gstaad where she was a guest recently. On holiday with her were her husband, Lord Bruntisfield, and their children the Hon. Anthony and the Hon. Victoria Warrender



Brodick Hadane

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE SKI AND CHALET SEASON

I FLEW out by Swissair, an extremely comfortable journey, to Geneva *en route* for Gstaad. Both the aeroplane, and later the trains, were full of winter sports enthusiasts. At this time of the year the British contingent in Switzerland consists largely of university students, schoolboys and girls and their parents, and Members of both Houses of Parliament enjoying a healthy holiday in good mountain air during the Parliamentary recess. I was unfortunate in arriving at Gstaad just as the weather broke after several weeks of good ski-ing conditions and plenty of sunshine. For the three days I was there we had grey skies, rain and then much-needed snow. It then snowed, with the exception of one day, for more than a week, providing, I believe, enough snow to last for another month or six weeks' good ski-ing.

I arrived on the eve of one of the big ski-ing events of the season here, the race for the Geneva Cup on the Upper Wasserngrat over a course which had been extremely well laid out by the famous woman skier Miss "Soss" Roe, who is the British Ski Club representative in Gstaad this season. So bad were conditions at one moment that it was doubtful whether the race could be run; but under the wise guidance of Sir Wavell Wakefield, who was chairman of the jury for this event, the start was postponed for an hour. Then the wind abated a little and the race began and happily ended without any serious mishap, in spite of there being over sixty starters, British men, women and juniors (boys and girls), who had come from far and wide to compete. Besides Sir Wavell Wakefield and Miss "Soss" Roe, others officiating for the race included Prince Frederick of Prussia whose son Nicholas was racing in the junior section, Lady Blane who had brought a busload of young people including some of her grandchildren from Villars to compete in the race, Mr. Stephen Heald, vice-president of the Marden Ski Club at Davos, Mrs. Raynsford who is ski club representative at Saanemoser this month, Major George Fielding who judged the finish, and Col. Christopher Hodgson whose son Simon was a competitor (Simon had won the junior Kandahar race in Gstaad the previous week). Also Mrs. Adrian Cadbury, Mr. Dominic Cadbury and Mr. and Mrs. Devenish.

The Geneva Cup was won by fifteen-year-old John Rigby who was racing in the junior section. He is a member of the Downhill Only Ski Club and came over from Wengen for the race, which he won in 2 minutes 32·2 seconds. From an experienced veteran skier who was watching, I was told that John Rigby had his skis exceptionally well waxed, ran extremely well and really looked a likely winner. Among other victories this boy has already won the *Sunday Times* Junior Cup, the D.H.O. Spoon and Wengen Gold Ski, this season. The second in the race was Mr. Adrian Cadbury, 2 minutes 43·4 seconds, who finished first in the men's section. His brothers-in-law, Mr. Edmund Skepper and Mr. Robert Skepper, finished third and fourth respectively in the cup. They are all members of the Kandahar Ski Club. Edmund Skepper recently won the Strang-Walkins cup for a Slalom race and his nineteen-year-old brother Robert, a former junior champion, now up at Trinity College, Cambridge, won the Hardwick Cup Slalom race, both organized earlier this month at Gstaad by the Kandahar Ski Club, and after the Geneva Cup, Robert went on to St. Moritz where he again raced consistently in the Commonwealth Winter Games.

THE Wengen Downhill Only Club filled the first four places in the Ladies' Section with Miss Elspeth Whitley, last year's junior ski champion, first in 3 minutes 0·3 seconds, Miss Carolyn Doran Webb, Mrs. Shearing and Miss Valerie Drew. But the best time for ladies was achieved by fourteen-year-old Miss Tania Heald of the Marden Ski Club, Davos, who headed the juniors and completed the course in 2 minutes 57·1 seconds. Miss Wendy Farrington, a Kandahar member, was second in this section, and Miss Cynthia Petre of the D.H.O. third. Also racing in this event were Mr. Glen Allen, who came in fifth in the men's section (he was recently third to Robert Skepper in the Hardwick Cup and is studying languages at Innsbruck University) and Mr. John Tulloch, a promising young skier from Villars who incidentally won the junior Kandahar at the age of twelve; he was second to John Rigby in the juniors of the Geneva Cup. Also Mr. Francis Doran Webb, D.H.O., who is only thirteen and a half, and

finished third in this section, and Lady Lucinda Mackay, another young D.H.O. member, who finished fifth in the junior (girls).

After the race there was tea and prizegiving, when Mme. Nicolle kindly presented the prizes in the Hotel Bernerhof. The prizes were outstanding; besides the Geneva Cup the winner received a gold watch and the winner of every section a wristwatch. Other prizes were small cups, clocks, plaques and most attractive key rings. They had all been kindly given by M. Marcel Nicolle. A number of the competitors then rushed off to catch their trains or coaches and some of the younger ones were to meet again a few days later for the junior championships at Villars. While I was in the Bernerhof Hotel, I met the Hon. Mrs. Neil Cooper-Key whose husband, the M.P. for Hastings, was in bed with 'flu. They were out here with their sons, one of whom had just returned to school at Le Rosay. Sir Wavell Wakefield, also an M.P., I met here with Lady Wakefield.

GSTAAD has been enjoying a wonderful season—hotels packed since before Christmas, chalets all occupied by their owners or let, and everyone I met who had been out here for a couple of weeks or more looked so fit and bronzed from the sunshine. For me Gstaad has great charm. It has all the chic and luxury of St. Moritz on a smaller scale, yet it still has the enchantment of a Swiss village, with picturesque horse-drawn sleighs, their bells ringing, to drive about in. There are plenty of gay shops, and all the smaller cafés and bars so beloved of this country to dance in in the evening, such as Charlie's, which at teatime is always full of young students from Le Rosay or Montesano, the Alpine finishing school for girls, or one of the other similar establishments. Later in the evening young skiers (not students!) foregather at the 53 Club or the Olden Bar and, of course, in the bars of any of the big hotels, where you are always sure to find a good pianist or even a band playing until the early hours of the morning.

The ski-ing, which of course is all important, is very good here, and there are seven or eight really interesting runs, which give visitors a splendid variety. The great topic of conversation was the new style of ski-ing, the Austrian method with much longer sticks. Several friends I met were going off to buy the long sticks and busy having lessons, and many were already "wedeln" down the mountainsides! As the weather was so bad during my stay I never, alas, got up to lunch at the new Eagle Club on top of the Wasserngrat. This was an invitation I was sad not to be able to fulfil as I hear it is charming and exceedingly well run by Vicomte Benoit d'Azy. It is a great addition to Gstaad, and all my friends who have used it are enthusiastic about its sun terraces, delicious food and surroundings, and splendid service.

ANOTHER feature of Gstaad is the chalet life. There are a greater number of chalets here than at any winter sports resort I have ever visited and this makes it a very friendly place and greatly adds to the charm and gaiety of a holiday. I enjoyed every moment of my visit to Gstaad and look forward to returning, I hope, next year. I stayed at the extremely comfortable Gstaad-Palace which is superbly run by Monsieur Ernst Herz Bezzola whose family owns several hotels in Switzerland and Italy. He is always present during the winter and summer season to see personally that everything is run to perfection, not only inside the hotel but also the large skating and curling rinks adjoining the hotel, and the many other amenities that go with it. Among the large number of young people who have been enjoying Gstaad this season are the young Aza Khan, who came up from Kitzbuhl where the snow was poor for ski-ing. I noticed that when conditions became bad temporarily in Gstaad, he very sensibly wasted no time but went off to Geneva, which



The Victoria League held a committee meeting for its summer ball at the house of the Countess of Midleton. Above: Mrs. John Wyndham, Mr. H. H. Greenham and Mary, Duchess of Devonshire, the ball president

is so conveniently near for business appointments. His very pretty cousin, Miss Lorna Lyle, was here too, and other young people included Countess Bunny Esterhazy, Mr. Jamie Ortiz-Patino, Miss Sylvia Casablancas and Mr. Robin Gage, who came up for the weekend from Geneva where he is working in banking. He stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Louis Franck who are spending the winter at their really lovely Chalet Arno in which Mrs. Franck has done the décor with superb taste, as she has in their enchanting mews house in London. I lunched here one day and found this charming hostess as chic and elegant as ever. Their very attractive daughter Martine has now returned to Madrid where she is studying, and their son Eric had left for America where he is at Harvard.

Miss Patricia Rawlings, who has now returned to finish her studies in Florence, was one of the young visitors at the Palace. She was staying with her parents, while that very charming American couple Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hare, who have been to Gstaad for several seasons, had their two young daughters Alix and Margaret with them. The Hon. Mrs. Harry Cubitt was also there and had her daughter Tania Alexander who is very keen on ski-ing staying with her, and I met Comte and Comtesse Guy de Fregoniére who were also spending several weeks here.

Prince and Princess Frederick of Prussia and their young family—the elder ones are very keen skiers—were in the Chalet Ecureuil for two or three weeks. The Earl of Warwick had Sir Duncan and Lady Orr-Lewis staying with him in the Chalet Pinehurst in the New Year, and when I was there Lord and Lady Bruntisfield had arrived to



Van Hallan

Private view of Flower Painting Exhibition at the R.W.S. Galleries

Mr. Iain Macnab beside one of his paintings, with Mrs. Macnab

Mrs. Elizabeth Scott-Moore, Mrs. Jean Clark and Mr. Edward Mayer

Lady Birley and Miss A. K. Browning, both noted artists



Miss Victoria Thomas, Lt. Patrick Blagden, R.E., and Miss Theresa Hambro officiated at a S.C.G.B. race

stay with him. Others with chalets in Gstaad are the great violinist Yehudi Menuhin who has the Chalet Wasserngrat for his children, and American Mrs. William Woodward who has the Chalet Zum Kranich. Others are Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Nast, Jr., who have the large Chalet Les Aroles; Dr. and Mrs. Anderson, the Chalet Erna; Mr. Hurst Waterman, Les Noisetiers. From Paris were Prince and Princess Toussoun at the Chalet Pré-Vert, from Italy Contessa Alvarez de Toledo at Chalet Soldanella, and Belgian Baron d'Huart at the Windspillen, Mme. Serge Landeau at Bois-Fleuris, and Baron de Boëlle at Chalet Diana. Mr. John de Bendern and his lovely wife have Laroquette, and the Marchesa Incisa the Chalet Pergola.

Col. and Mrs. Hodgson and their family were among the British visitors, who had motored out and found their car invaluable, not only for getting to the ski-lifts and down to the village, but also for motoring to other skiing centres around for a change of scenery and ski runs. A helicopter will be available in Gstaad during February to take skiers even farther afield to new ski runs, and for urgent business appointments.

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FOR "after ski-ing" and wearing informally in the evening, gaily patterned Italian silk shirts with long sleeves worn outside ski trousers and buttoning right up the front, designed by Emilio Pucci, were absolutely a uniform here! Dozens of them appeared every evening on pretty girls and older women. There were a great number of very elegant and chic women of many nationalities in the Palace Hotel, where ski clothes by day and the evening clothes in the gracious dining-room, with its excellent cuisine in the evening, were always interesting. A new note in exotic décor was when Baron and Baronne de Blonay gave a private dinner party one evening—on this occasion not only the dinner table but also the curtains were decorated with mauve hothouse orchids.

I dined one night at the much smaller but also very attractive Park Hotel, in the enchanting little grill room adjoining the bar and dance floor, which is delightfully panelled with Alpine flowers painted on wood. Among the English visitors stay-



Miss Wendy Mount and Lady Rosemary French, the half-sister of the Earl of Inchcape



Major and Mrs. Terence Glancy with their sons James and Michael. The Glancys live in Kenya

WINTER AT MÜRREN

THE SKI-ING SEASON is in full swing at Mürren in the Bernese Oberland. This famous resort, which has been especially popular with British visitors for many years, has had plenty of snow this year and has enjoyed fine Alpine weather

ing here were Lady Dunsany and her nine-year-old daughter the Hon. Beatrice Plunkett, and Viscount Bridport and his very attractive wife with their nine-year-old son and heir, the Hon. Alexander Hood, an exceptionally good-looking and intelligent young man who is an enthusiastic skier. Lord Bridport had the misfortune to break his leg ski-ing his first week here. Dining with them one evening, before this accident, were Mr. and Mrs. David Mainwaring-Roberts, over from Klosters for the night to leave their second son at the famous public school, Le Rosay, which is in Gstaad during the winter. Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid was another English visitor staying at the Park with her young daughters Sarah and Chloë; unfortunately she developed influenza on arrival and was laid up for the first few days of her visit.

LEFT Gstaad for a very brief stay of one day in Grindelwald where the 20th International Ladies Ski Races were in full swing, having had to be postponed a day owing to the bad weather. There were only four British women competing in the three Alpine events (downhill, slalom and giant slalom), for which there were seventy-two starters. These came from the United States, Canada, Austria, Norway, Italy, France, Poland, Western Germany, Yugoslavia, Spain, and of course Switzerland. It was snowing hard and visibility was bad for the Giant Slalom, which was run the day I was there over a splendid course from Egg to Bort, well chosen by the Grindelwald Kuverain. The winner was the Austrian Olympic silver medallist, Putzi Frandl, a beautiful skier, in 1 minute 29·5 seconds. Carla Manchelli from Italy, winner last year of both the Slalom and Giant Slalom and the Downhill, was second this year.

Two French skiers Therese Leduc and Daniele Telinge filled third and fourth places with Saly Deaver from the U.S.A. fifth. Daniele Telinge is in her second year of international racing, and Therese Leduc came in first in the Giant Slalom of the International ski week at Garmisch in 1957. The first British entrant to finish was Susan Holmes, who tied for thirty-fifth place with the two Austrian skiers Herlinde Beutelhauser and Helga Herdy, taking 1 minute 40·6 seconds. This was a good effort, as she started forty-sixth and the runners after the first thirty suffered much worse than the early



Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Gadney with their children Reginald, John and George

starters from very low cloud, which caused fog and bad visibility. I was interested to see that the winner (drawn No. 6) and the first dozen placed competitors all drew numbers below thirty for the start.

The other Britons competing were Elspeth Whitley, Caroline Sims and Angela Carr. Other good skiers taking part in this event included the Swiss Renée Colliard, who was a gold medallist at Cortina, Frieda Danzer, a silver medallist at Cortina, who finished sixth, and Lottie Blattl the 1957 Austrian champion, who finished eighth.

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IN the early evening I went to a Ski Club of Great Britain cocktail party organized by the S.C.G.B. representative Mr. Jack May and his very able assistant Miss Auriol Lloyd. There were forty of the Ski Club members present. Among these I met Viscount Hailsham's younger brother the Hon. William Hogg, who has recently returned from Tobago where he has been coffee farming for some years. He is now going to take a more active part in Polytours, which is a family business. He has a very ready wit like his brilliant brother, and was most amusing about the "new look" ski-ing, which to him comes naturally, as it is many years since he learnt to ski in the Austrian style, which has now turned to fashion with a rush. This party was held in the very luxurious Regina Hotel at Grindelwald, which is the last word in modern comfort. It was completely rebuilt inside a couple of years ago, has a lovely long terrace for lunch out of doors, and has been decorated with great taste. Most of the bedrooms have their private bathrooms and all have a telephone and radio. I had a look at the beautifully equipped kitchens too, and from friends who were staying there I heard the cuisine was excellent.

I was interested to hear that this hotel, which has 120 bedrooms, is one of those which take British families under the Combined Services Winter Sports Scheme. I stayed the night at the much smaller and much less formal but also delightfully comfortable Barnhoff Hotel, where Mr. and Mme. Markle take the greatest care of families ski-ing, who come back year after year. Among guests staying there were Mr. and Mrs. Jack May, who have been here a number of years, and the three youngest members of their family who all have charming manners; Tim who has just left Radley, Linda who is working in London, and Diana who is still at school. Also Sir Donald and Lady MacGillivray, recently back from Malaya, where he was our High Commissioner. They were leaving two days later for Kenya.

COL. "BUNNY" NUGENT HEAD was there with two young relatives, Robert Ward, who is still at Rugby, and his sister Catherine, who has taken her B.A. at Oxford and is shortly going on to Buenos Aires, where their father Sir John Ward is our Ambassador to the Argentine Republic. Staying here I also met Captain and Mrs. Nigel Friend who were on leave from Bulford, where he is with the Royal Artillery, Mr. Teddy Clarke, another regular visitor to Grindelwald who had motored out, Miss Kit Duncan and Captain Christopher Dunphie, an outstandingly quiet and delightful young man who only recently returned from Malaya and is shortly off to Ghana as A.D.C. to the G.O.C.

After dinner several of those I have already mentioned took me along to meet "Uncle Emil," otherwise Emil Steuri, a great and much loved personality of Grindelwald and a former President of Gemiende. He runs the Hotel Bellevue and the famous Spotted Cat bar where many skiers foregather in the evenings. Three other young enthusiasts who joined the party here were Mr. Jim Baker and his sister Joan, and Mr. Bobby Fernandes.



Mr. Edward Bacon and Mrs. Bacon viewing the scenery from the top of the Allmendhubel



Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Negretti with Annelise



Capt. and Mrs. E. N. V. Currey, and Frances



George Konig
Mr. Angus McLellan, Mr. J. S. H. Gaskain, Mrs. Rufenacht, Mr. J. E. Van Berckel, Mr. A. L. Holmes, Mr. Alan Garrow, Mr. E. W. Gaskain



*The
TATLER
and
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JANUARY 22,
1958
130*



Col. G. M. Malcolm, Mrs. Gilroy, Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay and Mr. Malcolm Valentine



Mr. Nicholas Fairbairn, Miss April Drummond and Mr. Jimmy Hepburn

A SCOTTISH DANCE

THE PERTHSHIRE DRAG HUNT held a ball in the Salutation Hotel, Perth, which was attended by three hundred guests, mostly young people. Above, the Countess of Mansfield hands a prize to James Aitcheson and Biddy Scott



Lord Robert Mercer-Nairne and Lady Caroline Cadogan



Viscountess and Viscount Stornoway, Lady Mariota Murray and Mr. Andrew Brodie



The Earl of Mansfield, Miss Susan Dewhurst, Col. H. L. Dewhurst and Lady Malvina Murray



Miss Stephanie Todd, Mr. Michael Farquhar, Miss Jennifer Seed and Mr. Richard Dangar



Mr. John Woodhouse, the Hunt Secretary, Major E. Stocker and Miss Rosemary Lucas



Van Hallan

PORTMAN HUNT BALL

THE PORTMAN HUNT BALL was held at Bryanston School, Blandford Forum, in Dorset. Above: Miss Jill Armstrong, Sir Peter Farquhar, Bt., joint-Master of the Portman, Lady Farquhar and Mr. Michael Farquhar



Mr. Tim Ritson in conversation with Miss Anna Todd



Mrs. R. T. Norman with Major E. F. Beckett, joint-Master



Mrs. D. H. C. Worrall, M.F.H., and Major D. C. Atkinson



Mr. W. R. Trehane with Mrs. Trehane at the Hunt Ball



Lt.-Col. L. A. Strange, the well-known aviator, with his niece, Miss Katherine Watts



The type of carriage, looking extremely unsafe, in which Queen Anne made her calls on social and charitable occasions



For adventurous journeys to the capital's rustic verges in the eighteenth century, the covered wagon design was often used



The cabriolet was a fine, dashing conveyance. This was a French example of 1771. It did not come to London until 1823

THE HARDY PIONEERS OF THE TOWN COACH

PRIMROSE ROSTRON shows why we should not take our taxis and buses too much for granted

To ride in a coach, the torso imprisoned between scratchy ruff and metal stays, was the very height of Elizabethan fashion, and a new altitude was achieved when the Queen, bored with her English coach built by Pippin, commissioned her Dutch coachman, William Boonen, to bring over a more up-to-date model from Holland (his wife also introduced starch to the washtubs of England).

The new coach stood "on firm wheels with seven spokes. The framing of wood carved in a shell pattern and gilded." In this the Queen drove twenty miles a day, but even so she complained to her ambassador of "aching pains in her back from her coach," and therefore preferred horseback. But the fashion was set.

Other noble ladies followed their sovereign's example, which annoyed her. But what was far worse, the male sex copied them! English diehards pointed out that manly figures such as Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Francis Drake did not have coaches, but rode on horseback, and were deadly foes of "sloth and effeminacy!" But despite these forebodings the new carroches became very popular with both sexes and all classes. Two or four horses were soon commonplace; and the Duke of Buckingham astonished the town by appearing in a coach-and-six.

Early hackneys, so called after the medium-sized horse let out for hire, first appeared on the London streets in 1605, but they remained stabled in their owners' yards. Country visitors hired them, and one gentlewoman sent her man to Smithfield to fetch a cab to take her to Whitehall. In London coach driving was the rage. Two oyster wives rode in one to the Green Goose Fair at Stratford-le-Bow. On their arrival the local beggars paid them such extravagant compliments that the two ladies lost their heads, gave their money to the flatterers and were unable to pay their fare!

In 1634 Captain Bailey started the first hackney-rank in the Strand on the site of St. Mary's Church. In those days a windmill and watch tower stood nearby.

Lord Stafford knew the enterprising sea-captain, of whom he wrote: "He hath erected some four coaches, put his men into livery and appointed them to stand by the Maypole in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rate to carry men to all parts of the town." This new service was the cheapest hitherto, as the hackneys charged ten shillings a day for two horses and fifteen shillings for three. Many of these carriages had coats-of-arms on the panels, having previously belonged to the nobility and gentry.

These coaches of Charles I's time must have been draughty, as they had no glass in the windows, the passengers sat three abreast, and the driver occupied a low bar behind the horses, rather like a haywain.

With the Restoration coachbuilding advanced rapidly. Glass appeared in the windows, and there was a high box for the coachman to sit on when he was not riding "postillion" on one of the horses through the narrow crowded streets. His box carried hammer, nails and ropes for the many breakdowns, while he rode with short spurs and whip. After the Fire the streets were widened, but even so there was a perpetual feud between the coachmen and the chairmen, for who should "take the wall," the watermen often joining in.

French coach fashions like their clothes changed frequently. One new model was the *corbillard*. John Evelyn standing in the Tuileries Gardens with the traffic swirling around him saw "so many coaches, as no one would think could be contained in



The early hackney coachman was a picturesque figure in his occupational uniform, to judge by this engraving from the British Museum

the whole city." A few years later in Paris an omnibus service was started by the French nobility. This was the *carrosse-a-cinq-sous*. After a royal decree seven vehicles to carry eight passengers were built. They were stationed outside the Luxembourg Palace and ran at stated intervals, whether full or empty. Any "pirate" was liable to a fine of three thousand francs, and the owner to have his carriage confiscated! Crowds fought with Gallic ferocity for a seat in them. Clothes were torn and people injured until the craze wore off.

In London our ancestors had their traffic difficulties, the hackneys adding to the growing congestion. Pepys records: "Notwithstanding this is the first day of the proclamation against hackney coaches coming into the streets to be hired, yet, I got one to carry me home." This period forbidding of hackneys to ply for hire in the City and Westminster encouraged Pepys to buy himself a coach. He found one in Cow Lane, and paid £40 for a pair of black horses to pull it.

The cabs continued to block the narrow streets, and two years later, in 1662, Charles II received a "humble petition of a number of licensed hackney coachmen" complaining of "having been oppressed by the Commissioners, and having heavy impositions in moneys extorted." These grievances persisted until the King permitted four hundred hackney coaches to be licensed, every owner to pay a yearly rent of £5. A century later one thousand hackneys were plying for hire.

They must have been most uncomfortable, for one young man complained pettishly of being rumbled about like "pease in a child's rattle. If there be pleasure in riding in a coach thro' a London street, may those that like it, enjoy it." Much like motoring today! But in 1691 steel springs were invented by John Green, which added greatly to the traveller's comfort. More agreeably they could admire the lanthorns in the newly lit streets, set eighty feet apart, and costing each householder two-pence a night. These lights added to the glory of the city, and the Government hoped would prevent murders, robberies and mischiefs!

In 1714 the first stone was laid of St. Mary's Church in the Strand, designed by the architect Gibbs. The maypole erected at the Restoration was replaced by a smaller one, on the site of the present drinking trough behind the church. Along this cobbled highway, the signs swinging overhead, with poles four feet high between the footpath and road, came the "flying coaches" at five miles an hour! Inside rode the lovely belles, patched and painted, hooped and farthingaled, escorted by their



A pile-up of cabriolets could be as disastrous as one involving motor cars. This fearsome incident shows the dangers of light construction plus spirited horses

beaux in square-tailed silk or velvet coats all colours of the rainbow. These exquisites attracted the unwelcome attentions of the Mohocks and other hooligans who upset the coaches and lit bonfires in the streets.

In saucy state the griping broker sits
And laughs at honesty and trudging wits.
What walker shall his mean ambition fix,
On the false lustre of a coach-and-six!
wrote Gay.

In 1821, New Orders for Hackneys decreed that the "perch of every coach shall be ten feet long. Glass windows each side, and a horse able and sufficient." Two years later the "cabriolet" pulled by one horse trotted along the London streets.

It superseded the "bilious brunette" of Dickens, the "great lumbering, square concern of dingy yellow," that had fallen upon sad days, a remnant of a past gentility, and a victim of fashion.



*Twilight of the horse, dawn of the internal combustion engine.
A peaceful compromise in the Piccadilly Circus of 1907*



ROYAL VISITORS TO A NORFOLK MEET. When the West Norfolk Hunt met at Westacre High House recently, the Queen and her children drove over with the Queen Mother from Sandringham to see it. Here Her Majesty and Princess Anne stand between Capt. Henry Birkbeck, their host (centre), and the Master, Major Robert Hoare. On the right Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is with Mrs. Birkbeck and her son Henry. Behind, carrying gloves, is Prince Michael of Kent. After the field had moved off, the Royal party followed the hunt for a time in a car

Roundabout

Siriol Hugh Jones

ON THE HAZARDS OF MAKING AN APPOINTMENT

BY now new diaries are more or less broken in, grubbier and far more friendly. I was recently staggered to read, in a newspaper comment on a certain diary that achieved a moment of fame in connection with the Bank Rate, that red leather diaries were all the rage in the days when they were worn with Green Hats, but that now diaries had practically gone clean out of fashion. Deeply shaken by this news, I ask myself what has taken their place—are future engagements noted only on shirt-cuffs, cigarette-packets and the bit of wall that's nearest to the telephone, or are they written on the heart itself?

For years now I have abandoned the pocket diary and taken to the foolscap-size utilitarian office variety, crammed with the usual invaluable stuff about 42 Cloves=1 Wey (Essex), but with no frivolous Personal Statistics to be filled in (when and by whom?) with one's size in gloves and stockings. As one who is crushed by a dreadful causeless anxiety at the mere thought of an appointment so much as ten days ahead, I am lost in wonder at those who can without a shadow of doubt write "My Fair Lady" boldly across some virgin page in the far uncharted future, and then proceed through the next six months or so working towards this brave little flag in the untrodden snows of time to come. How can they be so sure? Flood, fire, revolution, tooth-ache, a zebra crossing or the unexpected arrival of an aunt from Brazil may conspire to deprive them of their long-awaited delight. Or Mr. Rex Harrison, whom God preserve, might trip

over the baggy hem of his voluminous cardigan the very evening before the fatal night, and be laid low with a sprained ankle. I would feel as much confidence about pencilling in "Round trip to moon, reserved seat number twenty-three facing engine" on August 29, when at least the moon would be full (another of my irrational fears at the moment being occasioned by the thought of a madcap rocket-load of space-travellers attempting to land on a narrow sliver of new moon, to say nothing of having to look at it through Perspex).

★ ★ ★

WITH half the world thinking of travel in terms of elliptical orbits (I heard the American One That Didn't Get Away poetically described on a newsreel as The Delicate Satellite—the perfect title for some as yet unmade enormously artificial and perfumed comedy of manners starring Audrey Hepburn), the other half is to be found gazing tearfully, racked with sobs of frustrated passion, at the Daimler Phaeton 1897 which has been standing, a dream of elegance and stunning decorative value, in a window in Berkeley Street.

The only form of transport I have seen recently that could touch it for emotional content was the baby carriage in which the children of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire took the air, and which was recently on show, a touching arabesque with all its

faded brocade and velvet trimmings, in the Toy Exhibition at Bewlays.

This acute polarity of adult loyalties is mirrored exactly in the child-world, where any day you may spy a nursery missileman in space-helmet tenderly arranging his fleet of matchbox Darracqs and De Dion Boutons, antique steamrollers, and dotard omnibuses with open air top deck. What, I think broodingly, are the vintage cars of tomorrow? Will there come a day when we shall hobble into the museums to stand blubbering round a 3·4 litre Jaguar or the bubble-car once owned by a Mr. Billy Wallace? Will old greybeards, their reedy voices piping of long-ago romance, murmur to aged cronies, "Do you remember a tram, Miranda? . . . ?"

★ ★ ★

ALWAYS excepting the chronicles of the noble Babar, the only children's books I really enjoy are still the ones I always loved—those written by Mrs. Molesworth and E. Nesbit, with the Arthur Ransomes to keep me in touch with as up-to-date a world as I can stand. It was therefore with the timidity of a literary Rip Van Winkle that I bought a new piece of light reading matter for the toddling technologist. It is called *Tom Atom And His Magic Domes*.

Tom and the Atom Kids live in Isotopia, and there is a lovely big school called Mol-School, where Tom teaches the kids "all he knows about HEAT and LIGHT and doing good things in hospitals, on farms, and in factories." Tom discovers the whereabouts of the magickly little Uranians with the aid of his very SPECIAL WIRELESS SET (the capitals are Tom's, not mine), and together with Garry Graphite (a moderating influence) and the control of the village policeman Caddy Cadmium, they all have a magic game together (Tom Atom either knows the limitations of his public or is merely too cagey to tell the kids exactly what sort of game it is), at the end of which all the Atom Kid are able to enjoy the benefits of electric light and constant hot water.

A favourite among the kids is a horrid nearly-bald fellow called Little Frankie who wanders off one day with his teddy bear ("Let's all go on an EXPTIPITION," he said to Teddy, "an' make the biggest TISCOVERLY in the whole WOALD"). Frankie fetches up with a map which leads everybody to the abode of Prince Pluto Plutonium, no less.

Tom and his mob have the blessing of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, who recognize their "great value in the early education of children on whom we are dependent for future recruitment of scientists and technologists." So I say to me, my curly-headed nuclear physicist, and help Lummy, with her silly old Eng. Lang. and Lit. education, teach the basic principles of atomic energy without effort, just as the blurb says. . . .

★ ★ ★

PEY COVENTRY's fascinating book *Poor Monkey*—about Ireland, but not for them—is a survey of children and childhood in English literature since the late eighteenth century, when the child became accepted as a fit subject for serious writing.



"... and another thing—why can't I have a wool coat like Mrs. Uya in the next cave?"

It is strange to think that this theme has never been examined before—and now is high time, with every other novel crammed with witty and sensitive young persons. (If the present trend continues, there will soon be ample material for a critical study of the adult as portrayed in literary works by schoolchildren.)

Poor Monkey prompted in me a not wholly frivolous subject for speculation: at what point did writers begin to endow birds and beasts with thoughts, emotions and personalities (I discount the maddeningly gnomic talking animals in fairy stories, and the awful four-footed philosophers of Aesop and La Fontaine) to the extent of making them the centre of the picture?

HALF of the English mad devotion to animals lies in the fact that so many of us spent our young lives weeping for Gelert, Black Beauty, Baloo and Akela. I know few hamsters really well, but by now I am sure they all carry on in the manic-depressive manner of Giovanetti's Max and are constantly involved in raging battles with inanimate objects of contemporary civilization such as electric razors. On my infrequent visits to zoo or circus I wait nervously for the tiger that will, I know, one day appear wearing on its ears a small pair of shoes with crimson soles and crimson linings. Other countries, other obsessions. America, having rehabilitated all its maladjusted war-veteran dogs, is now getting busy on fish. In Miami, a fish-psychiatrist is thinking about trying out tranquilizers on porpoises suffering from nervous prostration. Even in Miami, life isn't all fun.





Miss Janet Scott, Mr. Alan May-Smith
and Miss Sally Scott



Mrs. A. F. Johnson and
Christopher Johnson



Mr. E. R. Dexter and Miss
Susan Longfield

UNIVERSITY GOLF AT RYE

A LARGE CROWD of spectators saw Lt.-Col. A. A. Duncan win the final of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society's Tournament for the President's Putter played over the Rye Golf Club course



Lt.-Col. A. A. Duncan, this year's winner,
with the historic putter



Col. F. E. Shrimpton, Mrs. Shrimpton, Mrs. Devenish, Mr. P. Devenish,
Charles Devenish and Cdr. Rupert Taylor at the first tee



Miss Jean Hetherington, Mr. F. M.
Hetherington and Mr. G. S. Abbott



Mr. G. H. Micklem, Britain's Walker Cup
captain, and Mr. R. H. Oppenheimer



Mrs. Anthony Steele, Mrs. Baring and Major
Edward Baring



The large crowd watching Mr. R. T. Gardiner-Hill putting at the fourth green. There were nearly seventy competitors

Desmond O'Neill



*Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Ross with their children
Alastair and Fiona*



*Mr. Michael Taylor and Miss Mary Morison
watching the finalists*



*Mrs. G. Mercott-Chitty, Mrs. Peake and
Mr. Brian Peake*

Priscilla in Paris

PARTY TRADITIONS ON THE FETE DES ROIS

IT is not where one is born but where one has lived for years that gives one what I would call a social nationality! At a dinner party given by an association known as the Parisians-of-Paris I was amused to see the number of guests whose birthplace is no more Paris than mine is. This happened on the night of the Feast of Epiphany that commemorates the showing of Jesus to the Magi. The encyclopaedia assures us, however, that while, in the Oriental churches, Epiphany retains its early legend, its original meaning has been overlaid in the West. In Paris it has become an entirely secular affair. It is now la Fête des Rois, a festive gathering of friends at which the highlight of the feast—is there ever a gathering of friends without a feast in France?—is a *galette*.

The *galette* is a flat, round tart of flaky pastry and feathery lightness. Sometimes the translations say: "sea-biscuit," but so far as the *galette* is concerned this can only be called a culinary understatement. A charm is hidden in the pastry that is cut into the same number of portions as there are guests. Someone finds the charm—it is advisable not to bite too hard as it is usually made of china. If the finder is a woman she becomes Queen of the party and chooses a King; it is a man he is *le Roi* and he selects his *Reine*.

Most of the people present that evening had a certain sovereignty of their own—André de Fouquières who, well into his eighth decade, is still the same arbiter of elegance and *bon ton* as when Paul Poiret was the Dior of his day, François Ribadeau-Dumas the writer, Maître Valensi the famous barrister, Georges Carpentier, whose exploits in the ring need no recounting, Maurice Chevalier, king of the variety stage, Jean Fayard, author of the delightful *Oxford And Margaret* and Goncourt prizewinner

with his *Mal d'Amour*; Gabriel Delaunay, king of the French radio and television (at time of writing but these things change so quickly in France); Arletty who is a wonderful actress and undeniably queen in her own right. The gilt and cardboard crown of the evening was hers and Gabriel Delaunay became king. It was a charming party and we were all old enough to enjoy feeling very young and rather silly!

M. Heron de Villefosse, the eminent conservator of the museums of France, who was also present, tried to make us believe that the Fête des Rois was really a Roman saturnalia, but even his witty eloquence could not convince us that the mild glow of *bien-être* that we had been indulging in was the "unrestrained license" that attended the annual festival in honour of Saturn.

HAVING mentioned the conservator of French museums I must add that France is very proud of the success that the collection of pictures from her provincial museums is having at the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition. We are hoping over here that the collection may be shown in Paris next March before the treasures are demobbed—so to write—and returned to their various homes.

One need never be bored in this country if one finds oneself stranded, by car trouble, in a provincial town. There is no necessity to waste one's time, while awaiting repairs, in local cinemas showing last year's films. I shall always be glad of having thus been delayed at Nantes. It was there that I discovered the *chef d'oeuvres* of the Musée des Beaux Arts and that of the Arts Décoratifs et de Folklore. This was a few years ago, but I clearly remember a certain portrait of a young boy—the duc d'Enguignen, I believe—that enchanted me. The treatment of the child's hair was exquisite.

Mothers were lucky in those days; they were not obliged to cut off their men babies' curls as they grew up! The infant in this portrait has a neat little pointed chin and immense, questioning eyes. Françoise Sagan reminds me of him. It might perhaps show greater deference to say that the boy reminds me of the lady, but after all it was the boy who was born in the seventeenth century!

Friends returning from Monte Carlo have a great deal to say about the Sagan-Magne-Buffet ballet that will shortly be seen here. What really interests the Parisians-of-Paris is whether the "cuts" requested by Prince Rainier will subsist when the production is shown at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, and, of course, everyone rather hopes that the original version will be given. Paris is all for the tuppence coloured rather than the penny plain. Not that I imagine for a moment that anything can be less than highly coloured in *Le Rendezvous Manqué*, exception made for the décor carried out in the usual black, white, grey and pale primrose tints that the young painter affects.

When, ten years or so ago, as a mere boy, Bernard Buffet first arrested our astonished gaze, I loathed his work. In his attentive representations of war atrocities, his nude, skeletal but bloated, cadavers hanging from forests of stark trees made one cringe with nausea. It is well that such pictures exist—lest we forget—but I imagine that the squeamish must find them uncomfortable to live with.

MARCEL ACHARD has given us a mirth-making book of souvenirs that he entitles *Rions Avec Eux* ("Let Us Laugh With Them") and our obedient laughs are long and hearty. New anecdotes and witty sayings by personages we have long enjoyed hearing about, from Feydeau to Sacha Guitry; Alphonse Allais to Tristan Bernard, Marcel Pagnol and many more. Marcel Pagnol, for his own part, also publishes a volume of memoirs, *La Gloire De Mon Père*. It is the story of his father, Joseph Pagnol, and all the warmth and enchantment of the south rises from every page. The dramatist, who is one of the youngest members of the Académie Française, who has given us *Marius*, *Fanny*, *Topaze* and so many great films, has added to his fame with this book, that will be read and re-read when we no longer feel like turning out for the theatre or the "flicks."



F. J. Goodman

HER MAJESTY the Empress Nam Phuong of Annam is the mother of Princess Phuong Mai, who is seen on the opposite page



F. J. Goodman

An Oriental pearl in a Parisian setting

HER IMPERIAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS PHUONG MAI is the enchanting eldest daughter of His Majesty the Emperor Bao Dai of Annam and his wife the Empress Nam Phuong. Since her parents' exile, the nineteen-year-old Princess has been living with them in Neuilly. Her Imperial Highness is seen at her beautiful home wearing the pale blue ball dress which was specially designed for her by Lanvin Castillo.



"ROBINSON CRUSOE" (Palladium). The age-old story has been given several alterations in this opulent production. These include a male Principal Boy, David Whitfield (top, right). Clearly he is a pleasing and lovable Crusoe, and no one is really surprised when Polly Perkins, acted by Patricia Stark (top, left) falls head over heels in love with him at first sight. Below are the two comedians; (left) Arthur Askey as Martha, who is a ship's chandler in Panama, but manages to end up on the treasure island, and (right) Tommy Cooper, a part-time magician who makes his way to the island also. Drawing by Glan Williams

At the Theatre

PANTOMIME NOSTALGIA

LONDON theatre managers seem all to have been brought up in the superstitious belief that a new play in January would affect the spirit of Christmas. Good playgoers, or at any rate their wives, are supposed to be still busy taking the tots to matinées and can hardly be expected to turn out again for a first night. This touchingly nonsensical superstition is overdue to be blown sky high. There was something to be said for holding back counter-attractions when the Christmas theatre was a booming novelty, but for some years past it has been but a shadow of its former self.

The only pantomime in the West End is *Robinson Crusoe* at the Palladium. That goes rolling merrily along together with the children's plays and the circuses. Yet it is surely fanciful to suppose that such seasonable diversions exhaust the energies of regular playgoers. Some day it will occur to a restless manager who happens not to have on his hands a long run perpetuated chiefly by motor coach patronage, that the dead of winter may be the ideal time for intense theatrical activity.

Meanwhile Mr. Robert Nesbitt at the Palladium has the special connoisseurs of pantomime hopping mad. For the second year in succession he sponsors a male Principal Boy, and this time he is not even a comedian. He is Mr. David Whitfield, a handsome fair-haired Crusoe who sings lustily, and has a map of a treasure island heroically tattooed on his chest.

Now there are two schools of thought to which those who claim to be specially instructed in pantomime tradition may possibly incline. They may favour the fleshly or the idyllic type of Principal-Boydom. They may be thinking (they probably are) of Harriet Vernon and Ada Blanche. These Principal Boys wore cockades and diadems and jewelled garters, and carried modish whips with which they slapped their shapely thighs.

"In matters of the heart," as one of their warmest admirers confessed, "they combined constancy to the Principal Girl with the lyrical exploitation of a Don Juan-like temperament. 'None but thou shalt be my paramour' they would declare to their sweetheart, yet seizing the occasion of this divinity's absence to chant other praises. 'I have been faithful to thee, Cinderella, in my fashion' summed up a philosophy in which every mood was explored except moodiness."

The other type Miss Dorothy Dickson represented charmingly. She carried no riding whip and she wore no jewelled garter. But she sang nostalgic ditties engagingly, and as Dick Whittington or Prince Charming she exhibited a delicate and sometimes moving quality of heroism that was recognizably Principal-Boyish. But the quality that distinguished the great Principal Boys of both schools was sincerity. They believed in what they were set to do: they believed in themselves.

THE trouble with the male Principal Boy is that, the book being what it is, he cannot with the best will in the world muster up this kind of conviction. Lustily as Mr. Whitfield may sing as Crusoe, manly as are the attitudes he strikes, he remains the wrong kind of hero for the tale that is being told. And on behalf of both the fleshly and the idyllic schools of judgment in the matter of Principal Boys I beg Mr. Nesbitt to reconsider his policy and to restore next year an actress to the place which is hers by a long and sensible tradition. If he will persist in his revolutionary course, then I beg him to re-write the book fearlessly and completely.

If that had been done this year, Mr. Arthur Askey would certainly have come by a few more jokes and had to rely less on his good-humoured personality as a daintily flirtatious Dame. As the incompetent magician Mr. Tommy Cooper is much better served than his principal. He uses his opportunities to give a delightful account of a highly nervous man who is plumb out of his depth. The most daunting thing about *Crusoe* as a story is that it threatens the producer with a deserted stage for most of the evening. Mr. Nesbitt is not in the least bit daunted. The stage is filled from beginning to end with lavish scenery and dancing choruses, all leading to the most overcrowded desert island imaginable.

—Anthony Cookman



Houston Rogers

A young ballerina gives new life to a legend



NADIA NERINA (above), ballerina of the Royal Ballet, has flown back from Canada where the company is now touring in order that she may follow in the footsteps of one of the most celebrated of all dancers, Pavlova, and give *The Dying Swan* as a variety turn on the stage of the Palace Theatre. Her first performance was due at the beginning of this week. When Pavlova (left) danced this role on her first appearance in England—in 1910 and also at the Palace Theatre—she astounded her audience with her grace and consummate mastery of movement. Fokine, who in those years was creating his best ballets, had specially composed this solo for her and now, although she was a great dancer in many other roles, it is by this that she is chiefly remembered. Mlle. Nerina, who was born in South Africa, rapidly rose to eminence in the former Sadler's Wells ballet company, and her performance of the traditional classic test-pieces, borne witness to by many an enthusiastic audience, fully qualifies her for her present ambitious undertaking. It will be remembered that early last year she had great success with a lesser-known Pavlova solo, *The Dragonfly*, during a tour of Scotland



Miss R. Reed, Mr. C. Sandal, Miss S. Shove, Mr. R. Grey and Miss Patricia Tragett buying a programme from Peter Gibbs

Mrs. and Mr. W. M. Lines with (right) Mr. and Mrs. David Gow

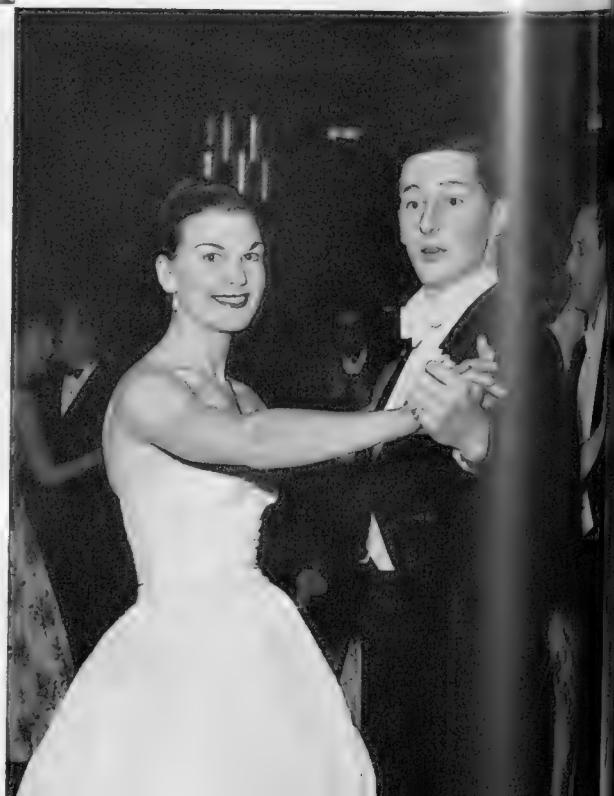


The Hon. Juno Wynn and Mr. Frank Plugge beside the seating plan

THE PINEAPPLE BALL

THE AUCTION of a barrow of the fruit was a feature of the annual Pineapple Ball in aid of the Stowe Club for Boys, held at Grosvenor House. During the evening a giant tombola did very good trade, and the guests were entertained by a fine cabaret

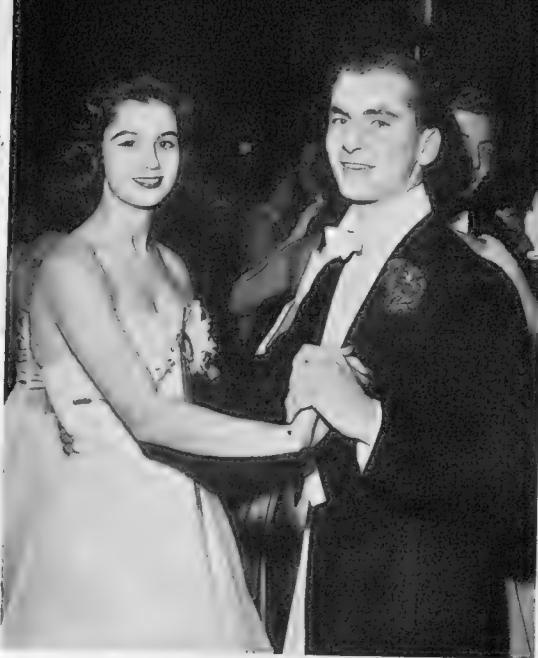
Miss Elizabeth Adams and Mr. Edward Rutter



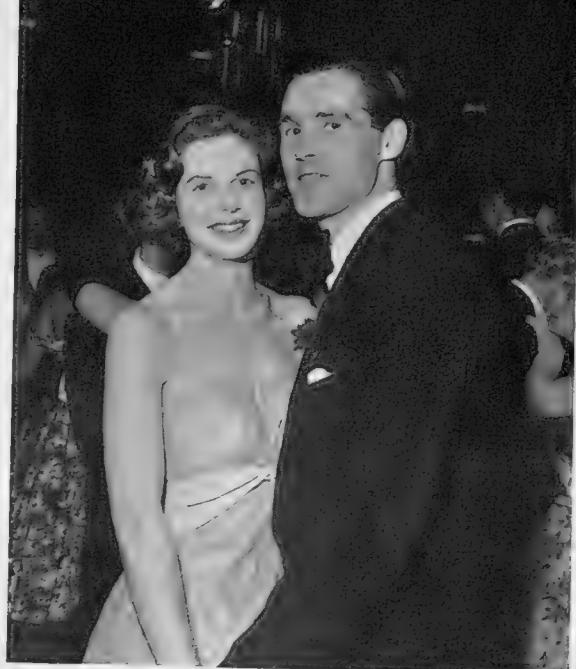


The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
JAN. 22,
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Mr. Ian McLochlan and Miss Ann D'Arcy-Smith



Miss Ann Smith dancing with
Mr. Richard Coote



Miss Jane Sibley with Mr. Nicholas Hordern



Mr. David Duckworth, Miss Josephine Stannard-Rogers



Miss Felicity Tite and Mr. David Voelcker



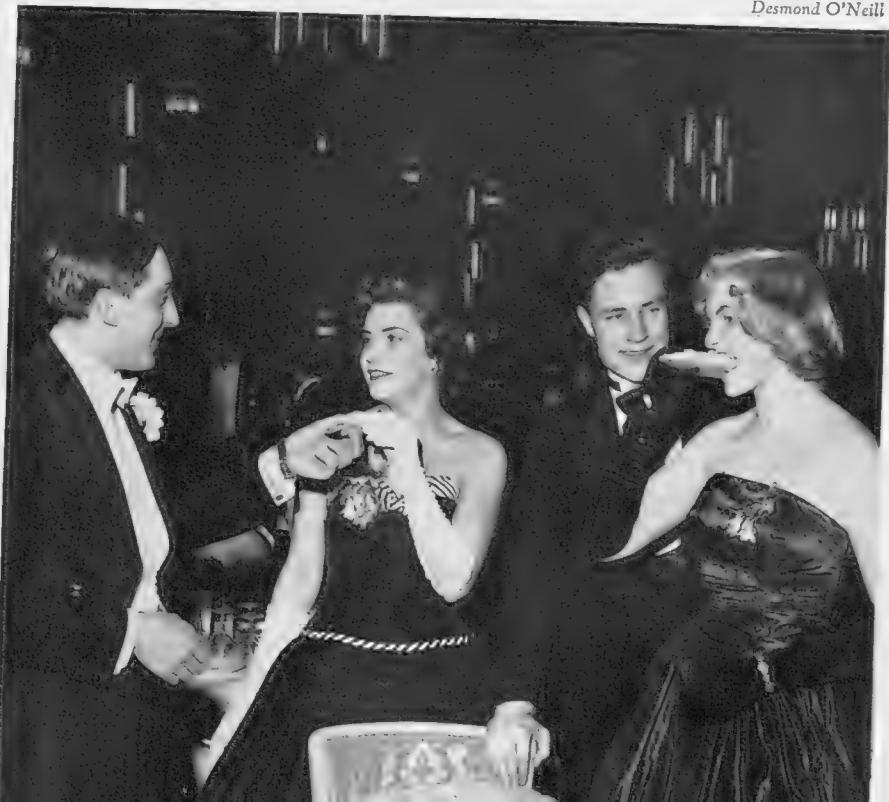
Mr. James Newton with Miss Julie Knock

Mr. Roy Rutter, Miss Jillian Rattle and Mr. John Burrows-Watson



Mr. Christopher Sandal, who won an 80-lb. cheese, Miss Shirley Shove, Mr. Robin Grey and Miss Robine Reed

Desmond O'Neill



At the Pictures

NOT SO MERRY WIDOW

Elspeth Grant

FROM the start of her career, it seemed likely that Miss Rita Hayworth was doomed to play, until the end of time, the pale-faced, sultry *femme fatale*: Carmen, Gilda, the enigmatic-eyed young person who complained that armies had marched over her in *Fire Down Below*—you know the sort of thing. It must have been very boring for Miss Hayworth and was getting a teeny bit boring for us, too. *Pal Joey*—a sterilized screen version of the slightly rancid stage musical—introduces a new Miss Hayworth, whose mature performance is guaranteed to make you sit up and take notice.

She plays Vera Simpson, a rich widow well past her first youth. “The heart,” says La Rochefoucauld, “must either break or turn to brass.” Mrs. Simpson’s has turned to brass—if, indeed, it was not originally cast in that metal. Among the echoes from her past comes the twanging of a G-string: though now a member of San Francisco’s social élite, she was once Vanessa the Undresser, New York’s favourite strip-tease artiste. With a subtlety she has never before displayed, Miss Hayworth conveys the essentially tawdry character underlying Mrs. Simpson’s veneer of sophisticated elegance—and the perfection of her timing rivals that of Mr. Frank Sinatra, in the title rôle.

PAL JOEY, a nightclub entertainer, is a thoroughly nasty piece of work with no recommendation but his nerve (and, of course, since this is Mr. Sinatra, his way with a song). Slung out of his last port of call by the police, Joey arrives penniless in San Francisco, talks his way into a job as compère to a floor-show, and, while busily seducing all the mice (chorus-girls to you), keeps his weather-eye skinned for some susceptible woman with money in the bank. It lights on Mrs. Simpson.

By using a well-tried technique (“treat a dame like a lady and a lady like a dame”) and judiciously insulting her, Joey soon has the hard-boiled widow eating out of his hand—which is gratifying for him but, at the same time, a little dangerous as she is inclined to snap if double-crossed, and Joey is a born double-crosser.

He gets his fingers badly bitten over a mouse named Linda (Miss Kim Novak), in whom he takes an unaccountable interest. Mrs. Simpson has installed him aboard her luxury yacht and he is about to open a nightclub of his own with which she has presented him but, through insisting that Linda shall appear in his cabaret, he angers his jealous patroness—and that is the end of a far from beautiful friendship.

Miss Hayworth and Mr. Sinatra put over with immense style several of the cynical numbers written by Messrs. Rodgers and Hart and would doubtless have done justice to the best of them, “Our Little Den Of Iniquity”—but this has unfortunately been omitted. Miss Novak is hopelessly outclassed: she has never fulfilled the promise of her performance as the dream-drenched beauty queen in *Picnic* but surely the director, Mr. George Sidney, could have wheedled from her some slight show of animation. Alas—she is as lifeless as a waxwork.

If you feel you can take another war film, by all means take *The Enemy Below*—an outstanding specimen, produced and directed for maximum tension by Mr. Dick Powell. A sea picture, it resolves itself into a battle of wits between Mr. Robert Mitchum, the captain of a U.S. destroyer, and Herr Curt Jurgens, commander of a German submarine.

Both are men of honour and both are past masters at the game of cat and mouse. Neither is actuated by animosity, neither feels any particular enthusiasm for the war—but each is bent upon eliminating the other because that is their job. Mr. Mitchum, a skilful hunter, tracks down the submarine by radar and the destroyer flings out its depth charges: Herr Jurgens, a wily quarry, evades them and the submarine, couchant on the sea-bed, sends its torpedoes racing three abreast in the direction of the destroyer.

Who will out-maneuvre whom and which will win? It seemed to me that neither could be declared outright the victor



FRANK SINATRA plays the title role in *Pal Joey*, a musical film of unusual cynicism, adapted from the stage version, which deals with the clash of two tough personalities, both unscrupulous and both vulnerable in different ways. Miss Rita Hayworth is cast as a socialite with a strip-tease past, who is Mr. Sinatra's dupe and sparring partner.

—though Mr. Mitchum comes out of it all slightly better than Herr Jurgens. Incidentally, the German commander is, of course, not a Nazi: he has, in fact, a contempt for Hitler and all his works—and we are to regard him as an admirable fellow. Well, I don't know. He belongs, like *The Devil's General* and the Graf Spee's captain in *The Battle Of The River Plate*, to the class of the dedicated professional warrior with no political axe to grind—but, since they were willing to fight the Nazis' war for them, were they not every bit as culpable as the most diehard member of the Party?

THE credit titles on *Her Crime Was Love*—a film with French dialogue, English subtitles, an "X" certificate, and Miss Eva Bartok in the leading rôle—reveal that it is based on a famous story by Pushkin and was originally called nothing more sensational than "Le Maitre de Poste."

The setting is Russian. Miss Bartok is the beautiful daughter of a simple, whiskey, vodka-swilling peasant (Herr Walter Richter) who runs a stage-post way out on the lonely steppes—and she is terribly bored. Her father is immensely proud of her and delights in showing her off to the gentlemen who pause at his station for a change of horses. This is to court disaster—and it comes in the pleasing shape of Mr. Ivan Desny, a hussar.

Mr. Desny is much taken with the girl and, vowing to the father that he will marry her, lures her off to St. Petersburg—where she soon learns that marriage is out of the question. She becomes a fêted courtesan but is not really happy in her profession, and, on meeting and falling in love with an innocent nonentity, is eager to abandon it.

Meantime her father has had news of her goings-on: bristling with rage and inflamed with vodka he travels to St. Petersburg. Miss Bartok, warned of his arrival, rushes to Mr. Desny and begs him to do something. To pacify the old man, Mr. Desny obligingly stages a fake wedding: this scene, in which Miss Bartok, the tremulous "bride," lovingly watches over the duped but delighted father, is extraordinarily affecting—and even Herr Richter, who has been hamming away like mad, becomes human and pathetic.



ROBERT MITCHUM in *The Enemy Below* plays the captain of an American destroyer in the South Atlantic. His unseen enemy is a German U-boat commander, played by Curt Jurgens, and they fight an exciting cat and mouse duel



EVA BARTOK in *Her Crime Was Love* plays Dunja, the beautiful daughter of a Russian peasant who leaves her father's stage-post for the glittering lure and luxury of St. Petersburg



Van Hallan

Mrs. John Vaughan with her daughter Anne (right) and Karen Nelson, who had been dancing to entertain their fellow guests

CHILDREN'S CHARITY

A CHILDREN'S PARTY was held in the Lancaster Room at the Savoy in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. Many of the children present were themselves Junior Associates of the I.C.A.A.



Mrs. H. L. Benjamin, a member of the party committee, with her daughter Claire Benjamin



Mrs. John Harington and Cecilia Harington

Richard Herd and Elizabeth Huxham



Mrs. Grant Crichton with Paul Stidolph

Emma Holland-Martin and the Hon. Jane Ogilvy



Mrs. Donald Page and Mrs. Rex Cohen, joint chairmen of the party





Jane and Peter Beckman and Veronica Burton arriving at the party



Desmond O'Neill
The young guests enjoying a magic act performed by Percy Huxter and Nikki from Bertram Mills' Circus

FANCY DRESS PARTY

CLOWNS, a magician and a talking dog were among the entertainment provided for the three hundred children present at the party organized by Miss Dorice Stainer in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies at the Hyde Park Hotel



John Garland as Robin Hood with Amanda Pomeroy



Amanda Wise, Judy Courage as two Tyroleans



Cowboy James Rossdale and jockey David Rossdale



Olivia Easton inspecting squaw Jane Silver's papoose, watched by Carole Easton



PAINTINGS ON SHOW

TWO ARTISTS, William Hartwell and Francis Kelly, whose "Doves" is seen here, are holding an exhibition until February 8 at the Galerie de Seine, West Halkin Street

Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

SATIRIC STORY OF THE ENGLISHMAN ABROAD



"BLUE CIRCLE" is one of the forty-five paintings by Wassili Kandinsky lent by the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum and shown by the Arts Council at the Tate Gallery

KINGSLEY AMIS's new novel **I Like It Here** (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.) is his third. It comes to us with an austere absence of blurb, and rightly. The object of blurbs on book-jackets is twofold—one, to preserve the reader from mental effort or rude surprise by giving a potted version of the story (if the work be fiction; if it be "thought" one is offered a key to the mental process) and, two, to build up the reputation of the author. In this case, neither is necessary. Even a reviewer cannot grumble at having to read a Kingsley Amis novel from first to last page, instead of having the work done for him, and the simple reader—that one higher form of human life—is not likely, either, to find he requires aid. As for reputation, *Lucky Jim* saw to that.

All the same Mr. Amis is not a reviewer's joy. He's an anti-fine writer, so one cannot quote him. What he means, he says in so many words, so there's no point in dredging his prose for submerged significance. Outwardly, *I Like It Here* is about a Welsh author, Garnet Bowen, resident in South Kensington, who loathes and suspects the idea of "abroad," but is jumped into going there, with his wife and children. And that's what the book is about, with no strings to it. The "abroad" is Portugal, where the Bowens, instead of staying in an hotel—cheaper for them, less amusing for us—idiotically land themselves up as p.g.'s in the unspeakable bungalow of an Anglo-Portuguese called Mr. Oates. One of the secondary objects of the journey is for Bowen to check on the identity of Wulfsstan Strether (last of the "great writers" in the Conrad-Henry James tradition) whose mysterious going to ground near Lisbon has long been a headache to his publishers.

Is the courteous old gentleman who reacts unsuspiciously to the Bowen probe actually Strether? He seems too good to be true. A high point is the visit to Henry Fielding's tomb. "Bowen thought about Fielding. Perhaps it was worth dying in your forties if two hundred years later you were the only non-contemporary novelist who could be read with unaffected and whole-hearted interest...." For contrast, study the fearsome passage

from the Strether masterpiece which is wickedly quoted. *I Like It Here* is funny in every way, including the family-misadventure formula. There is even mother-in-law trouble (off stage). Thought-processes are tremendously speeded up. Pathos is absent: one is sorry for Bowen for the same reason one is sorry for oneself—"keeping on the alert for being mature and responsible and so on took it out of him." A deflating book, but all the better for that. I guarantee you'll like Barbara, Bowen's wife; you may not be so keen about his vocabulary.

★ ★ ★

GOOD news, that the novels of John P. Marquand are to be re-published in this country. **The Late George Apley** (Collins, 16s.) is the first he wrote: it gained the American Pulitzer Prize when it first appeared in 1938. One should call it, perhaps, the author's first "serious" novel—before he began it, he had for twelve years been working on popular magazine fiction. His publishers, he tells us, thought (at the time) that he was taking a risk. (We now know, by experience, that Mr. Marquand can do almost anything—including those superb Mr. Moto thrillers, of which *Stopover: Tokyo* was the latest example.)

The Late George Apley is sub-titled "a novel in the form of a memoir." The character of its hero, a Bostonian gentleman of the old school, is pieced together from his personal papers, assembled after his death. The form is sober, the book is long; the outcome is absolutely magnificent. Does one have to know Boston, and what it stands for, in order to relish these deep ironies—and, here and there, these august absurdities? I don't think so, necessarily: here's a four-square personality, in whatever setting. And you will know about Boston, and what it stands for, by the time you are through!

ween New England and England, the psychological gulf is very much less wide than is the Atlantic. There's a not unfamiliar dignity in this Mr. Apley (born 1866, died 1933) which John P. Marquand lovingly satirizes. *The Late George Apley* is a classic of our century; there's no doubt about that. ("Next" Marquand, beginning with this volume—one by one the rest are to follow, in their time-order.

★ ★ ★

THIS latest Colette novel to appear in English is **Claudine In Paris** (Secker & Warburg, 13s. 6d.). Its author, that great, lately dead Frenchwoman, so entirely French that one might shrink from reading her in any other language—well is it that incaligible Claudine (fresh from her village schooldays) comes to us via Antonia White, translator of genius. The spirit of the heroine, and the happenings, have been unfailingly caught.

This is not the very best Colette book, but it is enchanting. At large in Paris, our girl is hardly more trammelled than in the Monigny woods—in spite of a *chic*, ground-length tailor-made skirt. She is seventeen; the year is 1901. In those days, adolescence hadn't been invented; in consequence everything was less earnest and a good deal gayer, with no *bonjoures* to *tristesse*. Marcel, "the sugar boy," with the cravat and the eyelashes, is no match for his equally shocking aunt. Outrageous, innocent, with more than a touch of magic who but Colette could have done it?

★ ★ ★

MARY ELLISON's **The Adopted Child** (Gollancz, 16s.) is, I learn, "the first book in England, written from a human angle, on the whole fascinating subject." Today, there must be few persons to whom the subject does not appeal—it is our neighbour's problem, if not our own; also we are aware, as never before, of the fatefulness of decisions regarding childhood. Adoptive parenthood carries with it an extra, formidable responsibility, and may meet unforeseen trials. Any couple meditating this solemn step should read Mrs. Ellison's book.

Mrs. Ellison is an authority on her subject; this appears in her discussion of all its aspects—legal, social, psychological, emotional. (Her professional history, record of all-round experience, is on the book jacket.) The core of the matter is, obviously, the child itself: I find it one of her merits that she never theorizes, but illustrates everything she has to say with what are, clearly, real-life stories. If you do not yourself want to read *The Adopted Child*, make a note of it for some friend whom it may help.



A GROUP of equisetum, miniature ivy and variegated dracaena, one of the illustrations to Conway's *Encyclopedia Of Flower Arrangement* (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 42s.)



F. LYDE CAUNTER is seen at the dangerous job of gaffing a big shark. This photograph is one of the illustrations to his book *Under The Surface* (H. E. Warne, 10s.)





Michel Molinare

SPRING COATS WHICH HAVE DISTINCTIVE LINES

THE wool coat (opposite) woven with a shadow check, pink on grey, is a Windsmoor model, barrel shaped with generous pockets. It costs 16 gns. at D. H. Evans & Co. Ltd., London, and Rose's Fashion Centre, Bedford. It is also made in blue on grey and turquoise on grey checks. Hat by Dorothy Carlton. Dereta's waffle jersey coat (above) retails at 17½ gns. at Dickins & Jones; and County Clothes, Cheltenham. Here in red, it is also made in other colours. Hat by Rudolf



A FANCY knopp wool, black flecked with white, is used by Aquascutum for their full-backed three-quarter length coat which is cut on pyramid lines. It is obtainable at Aquascutum, London and Bristol; and Lincoln Bennett, Manchester, costing 18 gns. The two-toned beret is by Dorothy Carlton

OFF-WHITE tweed with a black over-check by Christian Dior (London) cut with a stand-away neckline, two large patch pockets, two trompe l'oeil pockets. Made to order at Harrods, costing approx. 53½ gns. Rudolf's black velvet beret laced with satin ribbon

SUGAR PINK lace tweed makes Christian Dior's (London) voluminous coat (opposite page), wearable over the most generous summer skirt. Toning pink chiffon is carelessly knotted into the neckline. At Rocha of Grafton Street, cost, approximately 56½ gns. The white Breton straw by Simone Mirmar







FROM THE CONTINENT, and in particular Italy, come new fabrics—fiesta inspired designs—to give an up-to-the minute appearance to the traditional blouse. The classic blouse (opposite) is made in pure white silk with inserts of Chantilly lace. At Hupperts, Piccadilly, costing £14 4s. 3d. Also available in coffee and cream

NEW YEAR LOOK IN SHIRT BLOUSES

THE SHIRT BLOUSE is now being made in the new crisp Continental cottons woven with vibrant colours. Italian poplin with a design of pink bon-bons is used by London Pride for their shirt blouse (below). It is obtainable in early February at Liberty's, London, and will cost £3 19s. 6d.



RIMA'S blouse in pleated blue silk chiffon at the Town & Country Boutique, Mount Street, W.1; and Florence Wood, Leeds, 5½ gns.



Michel Molinare

MADE IN ITALY, a blouse with gaily coloured stripes reminiscent of carnival streamers, at Jaeger's, Regent Street, early February, 5½ gns.

TWO-WAY cottons stretch a wardrobe over extra hours of the day, allow them to do double service. The dress sprigged with flowers, sleeveless for the sun or dancing, has a bolero jacket for day wear. The shirtmaker for the woman who likes the tailored look even in her cottons, has sleeves which can be fastened back. Both designed and made by California Cottons

COTTONS THAT CAN BE WORN TWO



THIS POPLIN shirtwaister dress, made in a wide range of pastel shades and also in navy and black, has sleeves which can be worn either three-quarter length or tucked-up by means of an extra tab. At Harrods, London; Schofields of Leeds; and the Imperial Fur House, Plymouth, costing £5 19s. 6d. The dress is shown with the sleeves worn three-quarter length, and buttoned above the elbow.



CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK

WAYS

PRINTED GLAZED COTTON, pretty enough to go dancing in, to take away on a holiday, or to wear for the more important occasions at home. Its tiny jacket, which has a bow at the back, is in pink, picking up the colours of the print. Also in blue, gold and lilac at Hunts, Bond Street and branches; Lewis's, Manchester; and Broadbents of Southport. Dress and jacket £5 19s. 6d.



John Adriaan



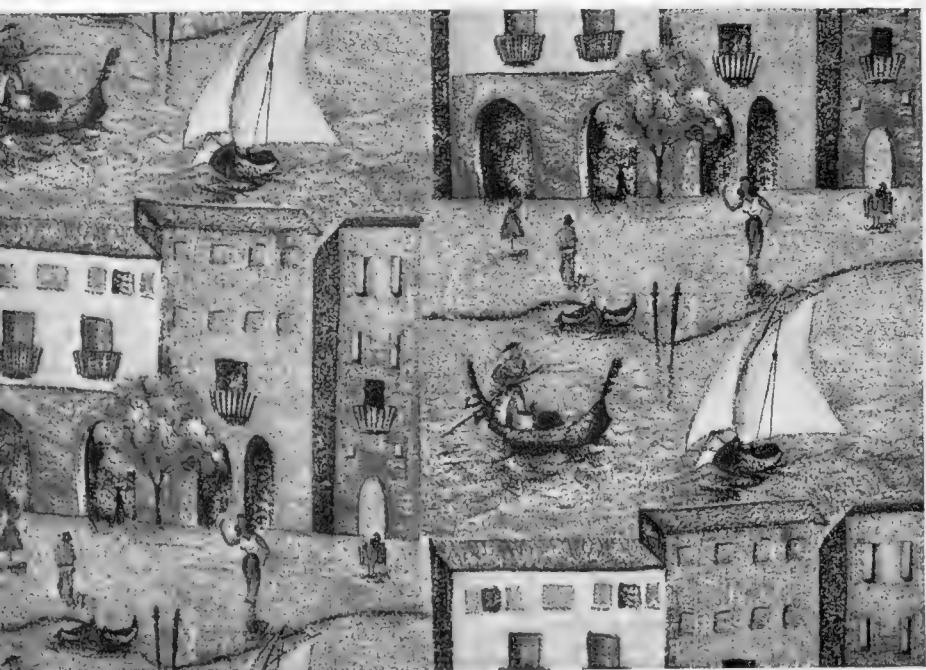
SPRING CLEANING, conjuring up a picture of upheaval and energetic housework, is no longer necessary in a well-run house equipped with modern cleaning gadgets. Instead, spring is the season for bringing a new look to interior decoration, aided by such bright ideas as the curtain fabrics and wallpapers shown here

—JEAN CLELAND

Spearhead of an ultra-colourful spring



On the left are three designs in Grafton's range of furnishing fabrics with the "Calpreta-fixt" non-shrink, non-stretch finish. Top: A design of horse-drawn transport on a dark stippled ground, about 11s. 6d. a yard. Centre: Leaf pattern about 11s. 6d. a yard, available in February. Bottom: A Venice-inspired design, about 14s. 6d. a yard, available in February. All at most leading stores



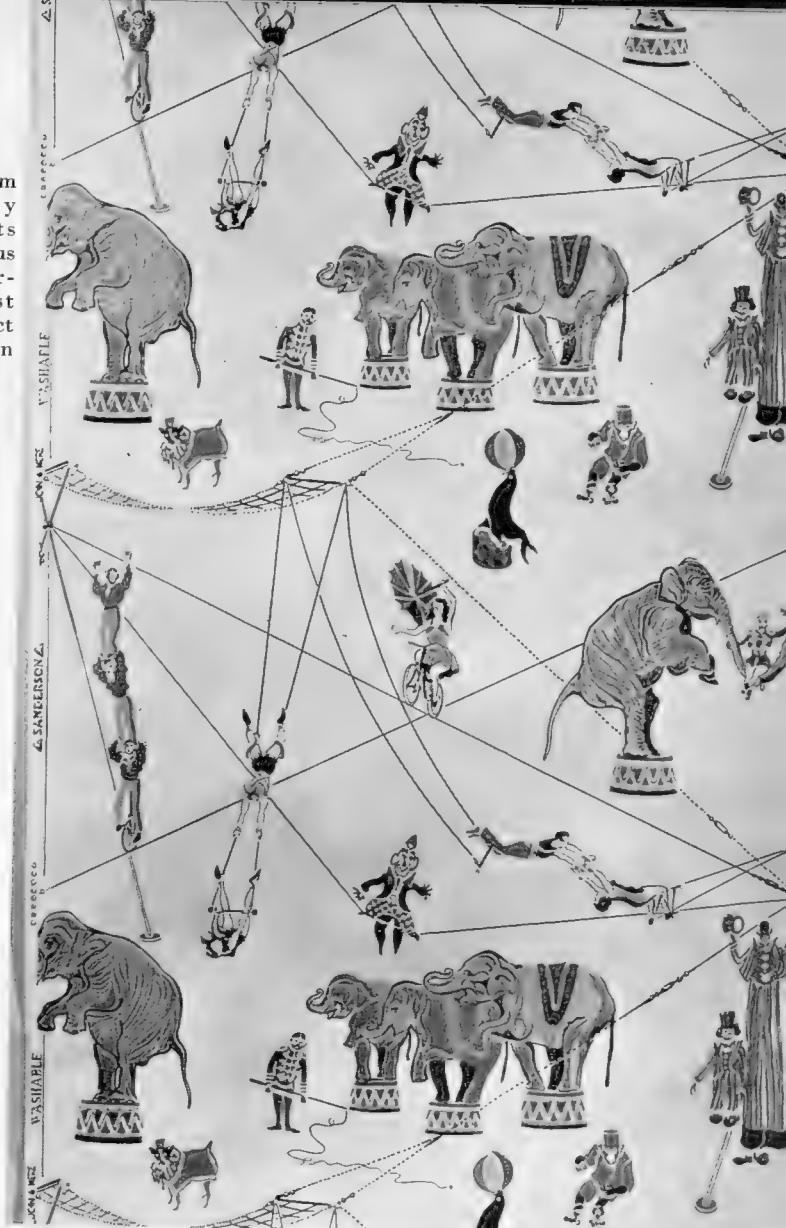
This curtain fabric by Sanderson with its jazzily gay "Rock 'n' Roll" design, is especially suitable for a playroom or young people's sitting-room. Approx. £1 7s. yd., width 48-50 in. Leading furnishing stores



The TATLER and Bystander,
JANUARY 22, 1958

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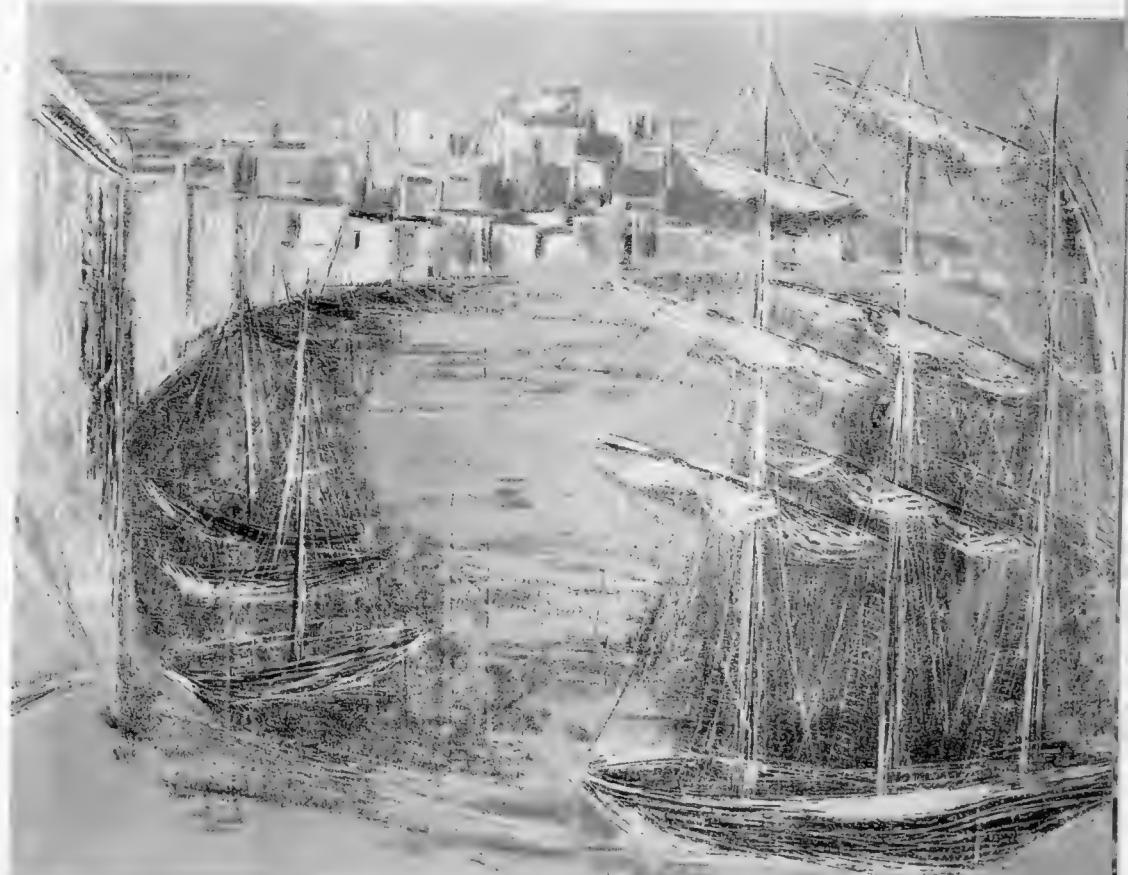
Left: Bathroom
wallpaper by
Sanderson costs
14s. per piece, plus
15 per cent sur-
charge, at most
decorators or direct
from Sanderson



For the nursery, Sanderson's "Circus" design in wall-
paper is washable, and costs 15s. per piece, plus 15 per
cent surcharge, direct from Sanderson or decorators



Above and right: Two more designs in Sanderson's
curtaining range, one with a vegetable motif costing
about 12s. a yard, width 30-31 in., and "Miramare,"
about £1 13s. a yard, width 48-50 in. At leading furnishers





A HIGH asymmetric crown is the feature of this casual fringed style called "Daydream," by André Bernard; the hair was layer-cut throughout and set in wide rollers

Beauty

Wise care for young heads

Jean Cleland



THE more I look around at young girls—most of them in jobs or busy at various colleges training for a career—the greater the admiration I feel for their well-groomed appearance, and the clever way in which they make the most of their looks. Very rarely does one see them looking drab, dull or untidy. Even those who are less gifted with beauty than others, in the strict sense of the word, manage to look bright, gay and tremendously attractive.

One of the things about them that intrigues me most is the skill with which they manage their hair. Few of them can afford weekly visits to the hairdresser. In the main, they spend their money on really good shaping—tremendously important—with professional shampoos and sets for special occasions. Between whiles, they wash and set their hair themselves at home with extraordinarily good results, in spite of an occasional grumble while doing it. As my own daughter, wrestling with the task of pinning-up, said the other day, "If ever I get rich—save the mark—I will never do this fiddling business again. I'll go to one of the best hairdressing salons every week, and let them cope." A sentiment with which I was bound to agree.

MAY I now be permitted to give a word of warning and of advice. Recently I said to a young friend, who washes her hair at home, "And what do you wash it with?" To which, in an airy way, she said, "Oh, with just whatever comes handy, or whatever I have by me. Just now there are several shampoos left from Christmas, and I am using those up."

Now believe me, that is not good enough. If hair is to stay healthy and shining, the shampoo must be carefully chosen according to the type of hair for which it is being used. If it is dry it needs one kind, if oily another, and I cannot stress too strongly how important it is to follow this rule if you wish your hair to look its best.

The best way of making sure that you are on the right track is to choose a manufacturer who specializes in shampoos of different kinds, stating clearly in each case the type of hair for which it is intended. A good example is to be had in the Breck shampoos which come in three distinct varieties. The one for dry hair is very mild and emollient, the oily one cleanses thoroughly without leaving the hair too dry, and there is an "in-between" one for normal hair.

Each of the types is clearly marked on the bottle (which is attractive to look at) so that you cannot go wrong. A feature of the Breck shampoos is that they are designed to work equally well in hard or soft water, and that they rinse off easily. Several young friends who have been trying them tell me that this is true, and that they leave the hair beautifully soft—in itself a great recommendation.

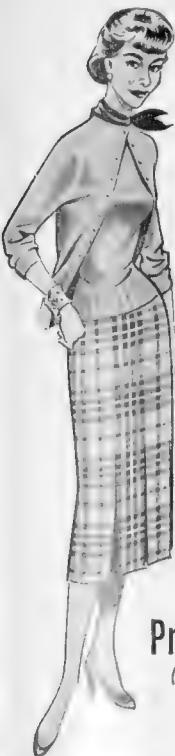
SOMETHING else I can recommend to young people who like a hair style that looks soft and natural, is the new Carefree Permanent Set now being done by André Bernard. Girls who are working and have neither much time nor money to spare, should find this right up their street. The whole thing from start to finish takes only 1½ hours, and its costs only three guineas. I talked with Mr. André about it, and he said that the hair is set in a particular way, using the new Carefree preparation. This contains a new special protein ingredient which makes for the health of the hair as well as its beauty. A permanent set done like this lasts anything from six to twelve weeks according to the type of hair.

"You must understand however," said Mr. André, "that Carefree is only intended for soft natural styling. It is no good for the woman who wants a strong curl." That is why it should be particularly suitable for young people, for whom the more casual styles are so becoming.

LASTLY an item of news for the *very* young. I have just received Johnson's Baby Shampoo in its brand new type of sachet. This is in metal foil, which means that there is now little likelihood of the sachet bursting when it is being carried around. It also means that the shampoo goes from factory to nursery perfectly sound and fresh. The price is still 9d. as before. This is little enough to spend on safeguarding the health of a baby's hair, which is so soft and delicate that it needs the greatest possible care. The shampoo must be mild and gentle, as experienced people like Johnson's, who have for long specialized in baby products, know full well.

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Brice—Bateman. Mr. John (George) Brice, King's Dragoon Guards, son of Major and Mrs. S. J. Brice, of Sidmouth, married Miss Anne Elizabeth Bateman, daughter of Brig. and Mrs. H. Bateman, of Ightham, Kent, at St. John's, Ipoh, Malaya

RECENTLY MARRIED



Swan—Northcote. Dr. Conrad Swan, younger son of Major H. P. Swan, R.A.M.C., and Mrs. Swan, of British Columbia and Colchester, married Lady Hilda Northcote, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Iddesleigh, at the Sacred Heart, Exeter

Ponsonby—Kenny. Mr. Robert Noel Ponsonby, son of the late Mr. Noel Ponsonby, and of Mrs. L. H. Jaques, of Eton College, married Miss Una Mary Kenny, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kenny, of Istanbul and Chelsea, at Our Most Holy Redeemer, S.W.3



Sizeland—Sawle Thomas. Sub-Lt. Michael Dewell Sizeland, R.N., only son of Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Sizeland, of Wetherby, married Miss Carole Elizabeth Sawle Thomas, only daughter of Mrs. M. Sawle Thomas, of Lexham Gardens, W.8, and Dr. J. Sawle Thomas, at St. Peter's, Vere Street

Read—Coppinger. Lt. Jeremy Bryan Donkin Read, R.N., only son of the late Mr. P. E. Read, and Mrs. Read, of Enfield, married Miss Shirley Ann Coppinger, only child of the late Lt. R. P. Coppinger, R.N., and Mrs. C. H. Hutchinson, of Warninglid, Sussex, at the Royal Naval Chapel, Greenwich



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Motoring

HANDSOME LOAD CARRIER

Oliver Stewart

ESTATE cars are modern solutions to the age-old problem of getting a quart into a pint pot. And it is a tribute to motor vehicle designers that they come near to doing it. The introduction of the new Hillman Husky at Devonshire House was well attended and was a fair indication of what can be done in this direction when the latest techniques are employed. I liked the look of the car and found a number of points worthy of approving comment.

The size, shape and locks of the doors, for instance, are well found. The simple button-cum-latch for the main doors and the press button for the rear door are neat. The car's increased space compared with the earlier Husky is considerable—four people and 300 lb. of luggage—yet, with the overhead valve engine, the top speed is said to be more than 70 miles an hour. The engine's capacity is slightly less than 1,400 cubic centimetres. The price, with tax, is £698 17s.

Mr. Geoffrey Rootes, who introduced the car at the London meeting, made a number of points about the motor industry in general and the Rootes Group in particular. The value of the Group's exports during 1957, for instance, was a record and represented an increase of 26 per cent on the previous year. For trade in the dollar markets it was also a record year and Mr. Rootes revealed that they had sold four times as many cars as in the previous year, an increase which it would be exceedingly difficult to approach in any other section of the export trade.

I now turn to one or two points of detail in the new Husky. The first thing to notice is that good ventilation for the rear of the car will certainly be wanted in many parts of the world, but that the sliding quarter lights for the rear of the Husky are an export extra. I would suggest that this estate car should be marketed in basic form *with* these sliding quarter lights. Ventilation in the back is likely to be inadequate without them, particularly in warm weather.

The arrangement of the driving position is good and there are deep compartments on either side of the instrument group for gloves and maps.

I should add to these remarks about Rootes Group productions that, just before the unveiling of the new Husky, the deputy chairman of the Group, Sir Reginald Rootes, left London on a long tour of the Group's organizations overseas.



Licence holders (the things, not the people) are, to the fastidious motorist, a pain in the neck. He does not want to clutter up his car—least of all the windscreen—with bits and pieces. Yet the law demands that the vehicle licence shall be displayed. It is true that the law's demand is ridiculous. It has no effect upon the number of licences taken out or the number of those who evade taking out licences. But it is the law.

Those who wish to comply while doing the least damage to the appearance of their cars should look at the "Zell-em" licence holder. It was brought to my notice by the company which supplied my most recent car and I have been convinced of its good qualities. It consists of a piece of circular, transparent plastic material which is pressed upon the inside surface of the glass of the windscreen—which may be flat or curved—and which then stays in place.

Here you have the minimum restriction to the view through the screen and the least cluttering up of the car's appearance. And I can state from personal experience that it works. There is no glue of any kind; no messy sticking and unsticking, simply a pressure differential adhesion and a very good adhesion, too. The "Zell-em" company is in Blackpool.

A READER asks me a difficult question, and a question which—I regret to say—I am not in a position to answer without qualification. Writing from Leicester, she says that when on a visit to London she drove to a point near a famous restaurant where she was to have luncheon and that, when there, she found that all the space for parking was occupied except for a section which had placed upon it two signs saying "No Parking." They were not police signs.

As she was already late she decided to park between these signs. As she was parking here a man came up and said that no parking was allowed because of "loading and unloading." Believing that she had as much "right" to it as anybody she got out of her car and went to her appointment.

On returning she was told that she would be prosecuted for "obstruction." She now asks whether she *will* be prosecuted and if so why. I have often heard it said that the "No parking" signs (I am not, of course, referring to police signs) have no real authority. It would be useful to have an unequivocal court pronouncement on their validity.



THE NEW HILLMAN HUSKY estate car, which can carry a load 1 cwt. heavier than the earlier model, is seen above, with the rear door open showing the spacious interior, while (left) is seen the comfortable driving position. The car costs £698 17s.

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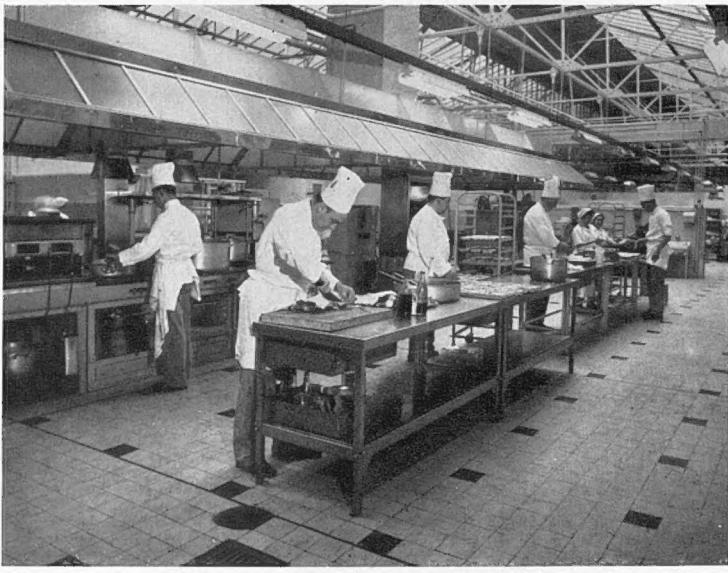
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See and try them now at your Vauxhall Dealer's New Year Show. The Victor costs only £498 (+PT £250.7s.). The Victor Super £520 (+PT £261.7s.). The Velox £655 (+PT £328.17s.) and the luxurious Cresta £715 (+PT £358.17s.). Try them on the road. Prove for yourself the 1958 Vauxhalls are the most exciting value-for-money cars on the market.





B.O.A.C. COOKS working in the huge preparation area of the Corporation's up-to-date new kitchens at London Airport, which are described below by Isaac Bickerstaff

DINING OUT

Air fare de luxe

AN organization which certainly deserves a few loud cheers is the new B.O.A.C. kitchen premises at London Airport which commenced supplying aircraft in May, 1957, under the control of Major E. W. Belcher who gave me a grand tour of the entire establishment.

It was of immense interest to go over the food preparation areas of this vast place, which includes very large-scale cold storage, enormous storerooms and every facility for the comfort of their staff. The whole thing is new in its conception and built not only for the requirements of today but of tomorrow because of the ever-increasing use of air travel.

Statistics can frequently be very boring and I am sure that a large proportion of the passengers who "dine out" on quality and in comfort while flying have little idea of the tremendous activity that goes on "behind the scenes."

As far as B.O.A.C. today is concerned, this involves the preparation of 1,700 lunch, dinner and supper meals, and 1,200 afternoon teas, morning and evening refreshments per day. As for the drink side of the question, the average daily issue is 85 bottles of spirits, 200 bottles of wine and 250 cans of beer. Quite apart from all this, I discovered they issue no fewer than 45,000 cigarettes a day and 1,000 magazines, books and newspapers.

As they have to wash up every day an average of over 40,000 pieces, they have, of course, installed the very latest form of washing-up machines. They also have their own laundry and launder over 22,000 pieces per week.

IN addition to all this, different planes have different menus: on the Monarch, for instance, your choice might be La Crème de Volaille, Les Petits Homards en Mayonnaise, Le Tournedos Sauté Perigourdine, with a bottle of champagne or some well-known Burgundies or clarets. On the Majestic possibly Cream of Celery Soup, Roast Saddle of Lamb, Gâteau Majestic with Dairy Cream, with Cheese, and wine to your choice.

Even the tourist class menu will give you Consommé Madrilene, Suprême of Chicken and Sweet or Cheese. Quite apart from all this there is a Flight Champagne Supper with such things as Crème de Champignons, Pâté de Strasbourg, etc., again with champagne or whatever wines you require.

All this particular activity is controlled by Major Belcher, who is the Corporation's Cabin Services Manager and who is also responsible for the recruitment and training of over 800 stewards and stewardesses. In addition B.O.A.C. have no fewer than five canteens on the airport providing meals for upwards of 4,000 members of the staff by day and night in staff canteens, managers' messes and executive dining-rooms.

On certain of their menus it says: "B.O.A.C. takes good care of you"—it certainly does.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Cabbages and things

SOME years ago, a reader wrote to tell me that I concerned myself too much with giving menus and recipes for guests, ignoring the family, which is far more important than any visitors. True—but my point was that anything good enough to uphold one's reputation as a hostess-cook was equally good when dining *en famille*; and that the chief idea behind menus for "company" was that the dishes, the first course and the last, at least, could be prepared early in the day, without too much last-minute attention to them to keep a woman absent from her friends. This is less important when we are "on our own."

Our English cooking, for the most part, is such that foods should be as freshly cooked as possible. For instance, grilled meats which have to wait become progressively more close-textured and firm to the teeth, and roast meats, following a few minutes' rest after being taken from the oven (because this permits of easier carving and better and thinner slices if desired), should go to table without further delay. Plain boiled potatoes which have to be kept hot for even a short five minutes begin to taste like yesterday's, and even whipping does not improve them. Vegetables cooked the English way may be a little on the simple side, but not all greens reach table waterlogged, as certain critics wrongly assert, and by now most of us feel that a small nut of butter melting into them adds so much flavour at so little cost that it has become a "must."

ON the Continent many vegetables, in my opinion, are overcooked. During the war the Ministry of Food must have spent millions urging British women to cook cabbage, cut in thin strips, in a teacup of slightly salted boiling water in a lidded pan, for as little as ten minutes. That cabbage was almost as crisp as the vegetables in a Chinese restaurant, so much better than an overcooked and badly discoloured green. My mother always claimed that five minutes were long enough, but when we decided on five the time usually ended up with seven.

It is an excellent idea to grill steaks, chops and fish of many kinds for the family, since there is no worry about the minutes one must be away from them, but we must decide other dishes for guests—and stick to what we plan.

Scalloped potatoes, cooked and served in the same dish (thereby reducing washing-up), do not deteriorate in any way should they have to wait. They can be put in the oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ or even 2 hours before the meal and left to themselves. Decide on the amount of potatoes you require and judge the size of the shallow oven-dish in which they will be cooked. Thickly butter it. The butter will not only act as a barrier between the potatoes and the dish, but will also rise to float on top and flavour them.

Cut the peeled potatoes into thin slices and place a layer of them in the dish with a sprinkling of less than $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of flour, pepper and salt to taste, a mere whisper of grated nutmeg and, if you like, a little grated Parmesan. Repeat until all the potatoes are used. Pour in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint hot milk and enough boiling water to come through. Bake for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours (or longer if necessary) at 375 deg. F. or gas mark 4 to 5. If the liquid dries out, you can add a little more hot water. The idea is to have moist but not wet potatoes, beautifully browned on top.

CARROTS and swede turnips are delicious "twins" to serve in the one dish, but boil them separately in salted water, first cutting them up for quick cooking. Drain well and mash well with plenty of freshly milled black pepper and as much butter as you wish. Place them in a lidded casserole and put them in the oven when the heat has been turned down to a low gentle "waiting" temperature.

Lamb stew, to go with the above vegetables, is worth putting on your less-expensive-main-dish list. This recipe comes from the north of France, but it might easily come from any place where a good stew is appreciated. Have up to 2 lb. neck of lamb (cut straight across the spinal bone) or breast of lamb (cut in suitable pieces). Fry some of the fat cut from the meat in an iron casserole, to melt enough to start the cooking of the dish. Remove the pieces. To the melted fat add a sliced onion and the pieces of lamb. When nicely browned all over, drain off the fat and work 2 to 3 tablespoons of tubed tomato purée and a tablespoon of flour into the meat in the casserole. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock (a chicken bouillon cube, dissolved in hot water, will do), the juice pressed from a clove of garlic and a *bouquet garni*. Bring to the boil and add seasoning to taste. Cover and cook in the oven for $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours at 375 deg. F. or gas mark 4 to 5. About $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before the meal, add $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. quartered, washed, but unpeeled mushrooms and a drained small can of peas or a small packet of defrosted frozen ones.

—Helen Burke

able to see for yourselves when
Peter gets his leave next month.

Once again, then, thank you
for the subscription gift which
arrived plumb on our anniversary -
a lovely surprise. It's so nice to
keep abreast of things at "home" -
especially fashion!

Lot of love to you both,
Janet and Peter

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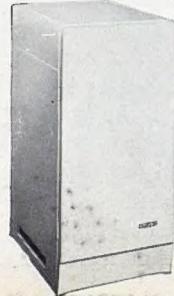
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